



## OFFERED AN ADVANCE.

An Increase of 10 Per Cent. Granted by a Pennsylvania Coal Co.

Organizer Harris Warns Strikers Against Accepting the Offer Until So Ordered By the Officials of the Union.

Shamokin, Pa., Oct. 1.—Notices were posted here Sunday by the Philadelphia & Reading Coal and Iron Co. to the effect that beginning with Monday an advance of ten per cent. on the net wages of all men and boys would obtain. While some strikers went to work Monday morning, others held that it would not be wise to act until President Mitchell had issued officially notice as to the course the men should pursue.

Interest is manifested as to whether the Reading Co.'s collieries will be able to work, irrespective of the recognition of the mine workers' union by the mine operators.

Shenandoah, Pa., Oct. 1.—The notices of the Philadelphia & Reading Coal and Iron Co. offering miners an increase of ten per cent. in wages were posted Sunday in this town, at Mahanoy City and other places. Upon reading the notice Organizer George Harris, whose headquarters are at Mahanoy City, issued instructions to the president of local branches of the United Mine Workers to warn the strikers against returning to work until so ordered by the officials of the union. Placards were accordingly placed throughout the district notifying the mine workers to remain away from the collieries until President Mitchell should order them to work or until the local branches of the union should take concerted action.

Mr. Harris said the Reading Co. proposition was not acceptable because the men insist on the abolition of the "sliding scale," i. e., the \$2.50 basis. They also demand a guarantee that the increase in wages shall be permanent.

Gen. Gobin Sunday ordered the 12th regiment home, and the soldiers left here on a special train over the Philadelphia & Reading railway at 8 o'clock Monday morning. There was a parade of all the troops Sunday, reviewed by Gen. Gobin. The town was full of visitors.

It is stated that since the English speaking branch of the United Mine Workers was organized here last week 150 additional members have been elected.

Meetings of mine workers were held in various sections of this district Sunday night, and the Reading Co.'s notice was discussed. The meeting of the foreign employees in this town was addressed by C. S. Pottier, president of the Polish branch of the United Mine Workers here and a national organizer. After the meeting Mr. Pottier said the strikers in this vicinity were unanimous in their intention to abide by the instructions of the national board of the United Mine Workers.

Reports from Mahanoy City and other points in the Schuylkill region indicate that the same sentiment exists throughout the region. Organizer Pottier said Sunday night that 140 mine employees at Lost Creek joined the union Saturday night, and about the same number added their names to the roll at Sunday night's meeting here.

Scranton, Pa., Oct. 1.—At every colliery in the anthracite region a notice will be posted Tuesday morning announcing a 10 per cent. increase in wages, based on the present scale, effective October 1, and that the operators will arbitrate any grievances employees may present. There is no condition to be attached as to the men returning to work before arbitration shall begin, so it is to be inferred that the men are privileged to meet in union and adopt any plan of action they may deem advisable before entering upon arbitration.

It is supposed the miners will come together as members of the union, fix the minimum of the concessions they will be content with, and then go forth as individuals to treat with their employers through committees of employees. If arrangements are concluded satisfactorily, the committees of employees will report back to the convention of United Mine Workers that they have come to a settlement, and the strike will then be declared off. This would avoid the recognition of the union by the operators and at the same time permit the union to regulate the terms of settlement.

## Died of Heart Failure.

New York, Oct. 1.—Joseph Silverman, 48 years old, a wholesale liquor dealer of Great Falls, Mont., died suddenly of heart failure Sunday afternoon while visiting the home of Joseph I. Levy, of this city. Mr. Silverman, being in ill health, had come to New York early in the summer to get the benefit of the sea air at Brighton Beach.

## Beatification of Antonio Frassi.

Rome, Oct. 1.—During the beatification of Antonio Frassi, one of the first chiefs of the order of Oratorians, at St. Peter's cathedral, Sunday afternoon, the pope venerated the effigy of the new saint in the presence of thousands.

## A Protracted Voyage.

New York, Oct. 1.—The Cunard line steamer Campania arrived Sunday morning from Liverpool and Queenstown after a very protracted voyage caused by dense fog during which the engines were slowed down.

## A FILIPINO VICTORY.

Captain and Company of the 29th Volunteer Infantry and a Gunboat Captured.

Washington, Sept. 29.—Gen. MacArthur cables, reporting the capture by the insurgents of Capt. Shields and 51 men of the 29th volunteer infantry and the gunboat Villalobos.

The officers of the gunboat Villalobos were Lieut. Edward Simpson commanding; Ensign Irwin F. Landis and Naval Cadet Roe W. Vincent. Lieut. Simpson has seen over 14 years' actual sea service. He entered the navy on June 17, 1875. He returned from his last tour of sea service in May, 1893, and was assigned to shore duties. On February 1, 1898, he was ordered to Brooklyn. Ensign Landis has seen not quite three years of sea service. He joined the navy September 6, 1893, and his last cruise expired in May, 1899. He was ordered to the Asiatic station on December 22, 1899. Cadet Vincent has had one year and seven months of sea service. On February 1, 1899, he was assigned to the New Orleans.

The war department has made public a list of officers and men of Company F, 29th regiment of infantry, whose captain and 51 members were captured or killed by insurgents of Maranduque, Philippine Islands. Among the men and their places of enlistment are:

Sergt. Harry McKinley, Cook William C. Daily, Archie R. Bratton, Thomas B. Ellis, Kiler J. Fallowell, Ed H. Kidd, Jeff T. Sharp, Everett F. Smiley, Hustonville, Ky.; Private Carl Atlinger, Amsy Hill, Sam N. Turney, Toledo, O.; Howard Bible, Fred Maas, Ernest Milligan, Zanesville, O.; Chas. P. Bratton, Huntsville, Ky.; Webster Cassell, Francis, L. Judd, John A. Malone, Cyrus L. Pemberton, Simon Schooley, David S. Whetstone, Anderson, Ind.; Hiram Rice, Sisterville, W. Va.

The remainder of the company was enlisted at Ft. Pherson, Ga., and at various points in Georgia, North Carolina, Florida, Louisiana, Alabama and Tennessee.

## NAPTHA TANK EXPLODED.

All Windows in the Vicinity Were Broken—Explosion Was Heard For Miles Around.

New York, Sept. 29.—Saturday morning a naphtha tank exploded in the Central Gas Light Co.'s works at the foot of East 138th street. The explosion was heard for miles around and broke all windows in the vicinity.

The burning naphtha flowed down the street and into the engine room of the gas company, setting it afire.

Two alarms of fire were turned on and the fire boat was summoned. The flames at times shot 70 feet into the air.

The fire is still burning fiercely and the firemen are fighting desperately to prevent it from spreading to the gas holders nearby.

There has been no loss of life so far.

## COMING TO AMERICA.

Thousands of Boers Will Emigrate From South Africa and Settle in the Northwest.

St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 29.—Hundreds and perhaps thousands of Boers will emigrate from South Africa to the United States and settle in the northwest. Theodore Vonrech, of Holland, who has of late years made his home in South Africa, is in St. Paul to arrange satisfactory railroad rates over the western lines. Mr. Vonrech will bring a large contingent of Boers to this country in the spring if conditions are favorable.

"There are hundreds and thousands of Boers," he says, "who are anxiously awaiting opportunity to leave their present environments and embark for another land."

## OUR FLAG INSULTED.

A Mob of Mexicans Pulled Down Old Glory, Flying Over the Consulate at Chihuahua, Mex.

San Antonio, Tex., Sept. 29.—United States Consul W. W. Mills, at Chihuahua, Mex., has sent a note to the federal authorities here and also to the state department at Washington detailing an insult to the American flag over his consulate on September 16, the anniversary of Mexican independence, by a mob of Mexicans. He had hoisted the United States and Mexican flags in honor of the day and the mob tore down the United States colors.

Dropped From the Gallows Twice.

Raleigh, N. C., Sept. 29.—Archie Einsauls was hanged at Clinton, Sampson county, Friday, for the murder of John Herring. He died from strangulation after being first dropped from the gallows. After Kincaid had hung for ten minutes the attending physician requested the sheriff to place the body on the gallows and drop it again, which was done.

## Its Two Hundredth Year.

New Haven, Ct., Sept. 29.—Yale university reopened Friday morning for the beginning of its 200th year. The incoming class in the undergraduate department is slightly increased over that of last year, the freshmen numbering 550.

## Actor Dies of Consumption.

Washington, Sept. 29.—Thomas Luther, of Memphis, Tenn., an actor who has been playing here this week with Katherine Osterman in a vaudeville sketch, died Friday night of consumption. He was 25 years of age.

Contract for a New Steamer.

Berlin, Sept. 29.—The Hamburg-American Steamship Co. has awarded a contract for the construction of a new steamer at Belfast to be 750 feet long.

## TROOPS ARE LEAVING.

Many Russians and the Legation Depart From Peking.

Allied Commanders Decided to Dispatch Combined Land and Naval Expedition to Shan Hai Kwan, on the Gulf of Liao Tung.

Washington, Sept. 29.—Reports received here tend to show a weakening of the Boxer power with the Chinese government. Prince Tuan, the archconspirator against foreigners, is reported to have been deposed and Wan Wen Chao, reputed to be strong in character and a man of intelligence, has been named to succeed him. Kang Yi, a potent factor in the Boxer movement, is alleged to have committed suicide because of the repulse to his ambitions.

The rulers of China have taken steps to mollify the powers by bringing guilty officials to justice. Prince Tuan will be among the number punished.

The state department has not been advised officially of the events of more or less importance which are said to have occurred in China, according to various European reports, within the past 24 hours. If Tuan has been degraded, and if Russia contemplates a blockade of the Chinese naval ports, the department does not know the facts. It has let it be known to the Chinese government that Tuan's promotion would be unwelcome to this government, but it has not yet been informed of the results of that representation.

Respecting the statement that Ching has been discovered to be a contributor to the Boxer cause, it is said that all the information that the department has been able to secure touching Ching's personality went to show his unvarying friendliness for the foreigners, and upon that record he was accepted as a competent envoy.

Peking, Sept. 25, via Taku, Sept. 26, via Shanghai, Oct. 1.—At the conference of generals to-day the Russian commander, Gen. Linovitch, announced the immediate withdrawal from Peking of the bulk of the Russian troops and the legation. He will leave on Thursday, September 27, and the legation will follow on Saturday. There will remain a mixed force of about 2,000 to represent Russia.

Gen. Linovitch asserted that the dispatch from St. Petersburg transmitting the order to withdraw contained a statement that all the powers were adopting the same policy. The other generals replied that they had received no orders of that nature.

German and Japanese columns are operating to the southward near the imperial deer park.

Sir Alfred Gaselee, the British commander, has gone to Tien-Tsin to inspect the British troops there.

Between the British and Russians over the railway continues, each party seizing and guarding small sections. The repairing is unsystematic and the completion of the work very indefinite.

Tien-Tsin, Sept. 28, via Shanghai, Oct. 1.—Orders from Washington directing the withdrawal of the bulk of the American troops were received this afternoon and preparations to comply will be begun immediately. Gen. Chaffee is here directing the movement, which will commence at the earliest possible moment.

It is understood that the plan contemplates leaving a regiment of infantry, a squadron of cavalry and a battery of artillery in Peking to protect American interests and that the remainder of the troops will proceed to Manilla.

The allied commanders had decided to dispatch a combined land and naval expedition to Shan Hai Kwan, on the gulf of Liao Tung, leaving Taku October 1, the total land force being 4,200. The American detail had not yet been made, nor had a decision been reached as to the naval force. Now that the order to withdraw has been received from Washington, it is possible that the plans for the expedition will have to be modified, so far as American participation is concerned. Gen. Chaffee is proceeding on the opposite assumption and has ordered the 5th marine battalion to prepare to go.

The United States armored cruiser Brooklyn will probably be the only American war ship in the expedition. The troops will go by water and will be landed south of Shan Hai Kwan. They will co-operate with a large Russian contingent already on the way.

The news of the American withdrawal created a sensation among the representatives of the other powers here.

Tien-Tsin, Sept. 25, via Taku, Sept. 26, via Shanghai, Sept. 28.—Li Hung Chang told Gen. Chaffee to-day that his chief desire was to effect a cessation of hostilities and he promised that the Chinese would not again take the initiative in fighting.

Secretary Hay at His Desk.

Washington, Oct. 1.—Secretary Hay returned Sunday from his summer's vacation in New Hampshire and Monday occupied his desk at the state department. Dr. Hill, who has been acting secretary the latter part of the summer, spent several hours with the secretary.

Contract for a New Steamer.

Berlin, Sept. 29.—The Hamburg-American Steamship Co. has awarded a contract for the construction of a new steamer at Belfast to be 750 feet long.

## DIED AT HIS POST.

Rev. Gilbert H. Gregory, of New York, Expires While Conducting Sunday Services.

New York, Oct. 1.—Rev. Gilbert H. Gregory died Sunday in the presence of his congregation at the morning service in St. Stephens' M. E. church, Marble Hill, at the upper end of Manhattan island.

Physicians had urged Dr. Gregory to retire from active church work, as he had long been a sufferer from heart trouble. They told him that he might live for years if he would cease labor, but if he continued to work he was liable to be stricken at any moment. As late as Saturday Dr. Darlington, of Kingsbridge, who was attending Dr. Gregory, warned him against preaching Sunday. The clergyman said to the physician: "I prefer to meet death that way to retiring and shirking my duty in order to live longer."

Dr. Gregory was 63 years old. He had not preached in St. Stephens' for three Sundays on account of heart attacks, but when word was passed around that he would resume his duties Sunday the church was filled.

## WM. V. WOLCOTT DEAD.

Death Results at Indianapolis From a Stroke of Apoplexy Sustained on a Big Four Train.

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 1.—William V. Wolcott, of Boston, died at St. Vincent's hospital from a stroke of apoplexy sustained on a Big Four train Saturday. Mrs. Wolcott arrived Sunday night from Boston, and Miss Camilla S. Wolcott, his daughter, came in Sunday morning from St. Louis.

Capt. Samuel E. Smiley, of the 15th United States infantry, formerly attached to the staff of Gen. Bates in the Philippines, who proceeded to China to join his regiment, but broke down there owing to the climate and hard work, is returning to the United States on the supply ship Celtic.

FOR STORM SUFFERERS.

## FILIPINO ACTIVITY.

Brisk Attacks at Las Pinas and Paranaque, Also in the Zambales and Batangas Provinces.

Manila, Oct. 1.—The Filipinos in the vicinity of Manila have been more quiet of late, although last Wednesday night there were brisk attacks at Las Pinas and Paranaque, south of Manila, as well as outpost firing at Imos, Bacoor and Muntin Lupa. The American officers are satisfied that the alleged amigos living in and around the towns in question participated in these attacks.

Official reports have been received of insurgent activity in Zambales province. Two skirmishes occurred during the week on the Bioc river, in the province of South Camarines. It is estimated that the insurgents lost 90 killed in the various districts.

Two civilians, John McMahon and Ralph McCord, of San Francisco, who started on a business trip for Vigan and Bangue, in Northern Luzon, have not been heard from for three weeks.

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FOR STORM SUFFERERS.

Amount of Money Received By Gov. Sayers Was \$672,476.29—Includes Funds in Transit.

Austin, Tex., Oct. 1.—Regarding the contributions for the Galveston flood sufferers, Gov. Sayers Sunday gave out the following statement:

"The amount of money received by me up to 12 o'clock noon of September 30, 1900, for the benefit of the storm sufferers on the Texas coast, is \$672,476.29. This sum includes \$3,892.50 that remained in my hands of the fund contributed for the relief of the Brazos River valley sufferers last year. It also includes all drafts and authorizations to draw and which are in transit and are yet uncollected. This statement, it must be borne in mind, embraces only moneys and remittances that have been made to me directly, and also amounts for which I have been authorized to draw."

"During the present week I will submit to the people of the United States a full and complete itemized statement of the entire fund that has come into my hands, giving the amount and source of each contribution, and also the manner in which the sum total received by me has been expended and distributed."

"Every portion of the storm stricken district is being provided for."

"Joseph D. Sayers, Governor of Texas."

## BUILDING VESSELS.

During the Past Quarter \$8,700 Gross Tons Were Constructed and Officially Numbered.

Washington, Oct. 1.—The quarterly statement of the commissioner of navigation shows that 308 vessels of 88,790 gross tons were built in the United States and officially numbered during the quarter ended September 30, 1900. Of the vessels constructed of wood 160 were sail and 127 steam. Of the steel vessels four were sail and 17 steam. Of the whole number 190 were built on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts; 28 on the Pacific; 32 on the great lakes, and 58 on the western rivers. The largest tonnage, 37,057, was on the great lakes, and the next largest was on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts.

LORD ROBERTS PROMOTED.

He Is Made Commander-in-Chief of the British Army—Lord Kitchener Will Assist Him.

Lord Roberts Commander-in-Chief.

London, Oct. 1.—It is officially announced that Lord Roberts has been appointed commander-in-chief of the British army.

The Times, in an editorial reference Monday morning to the appointment of Lord Roberts as commander-in-chief, hints that Lord Kitchener will come home to assist him at his new



**A Vacant Space.**  
Thompson—They say that Simple is wandering in his mind.

Sheeter—The place where his mind ought to be, they mean, for that has been wandering for a considerable time.

—Ally Sloper.

**Average Barber.**  
Barber—You don't come very often.  
Customer—It takes too much time.  
Barber—I cut hair in ten minutes.  
Customer—Yes, but it takes three weeks for it to grow enough to look respectable again.—N. Y. Weekly.

**IN SEARCH OF INFORMATION.**



Lady—Well, what do you want?

Tramp—Last time I was round here you gave me a pie wot yer said yer cooked yerself, lady.

Lady—Well?

Tramp—Well, I merely called here to know who's goin' to compensate me for the time I wasted in hospital?—London Punch.

**How to Go on a Trip.**  
But, mamma, if I buy clothes first I may not have money left to buy a trunk."

Ethel, you haven't any business sense at all; you can borrow a trunk.—Chicago Record.

**An Alternative.**  
Mugsy—I ain't got no use fer goin' to work.

Liz—How do yer expect ter git along w/out it?

Mugsy—I'm goin' inter politics.—Puck.

**Enjoyment.**  
"Do you enjoy reading Dickens?"  
"Very much," answered Miss Cayenne. "His works contain so many odd and villainous characters to whom it is a pleasure to compare one's enemies."—Washington Star.

**CONSIDERED HIMSELF LUCKY.**



"I love to look at you, uncle."

"Why's that, nephew?"

"'Cause it makes me feel so good to think that I might have taken after you, but don't."—N. Y. Journal.

**A Necessity.**  
Mrs. Grogan—Phwat are yez letting in de cat for, ye fule?

Mr. Grogan—Shure, an' don't ye suppose Oi want something to kick wholle Oi'm walkin' th' baby?—Puck.

**Bringing Him to Time.**  
Mr. Love—Miss Elsie, your clock is awfully slow.

Miss Sweet—Oh, yes; it's going to be a bachelor, I'm afraid!—Jewelers' Weekly.

**Analogous Accidents.**  
Phett—When a man is in love everything about looks different to him.

Brett—Yes; it's the same when he knocks his head against a lamp post.—Tit-Bits.

**Thought They Were Invited.**  
How did you gather such a large congregation of old and middle-aged people?"

"I advertised a sermon to the young," was the latter's reply.—London King.

**Account of the Family.**  
"What is meant by a 'family failing'?"

"I never heard of a family failing, my son; it is the head of the family that fails."—Town Topics.

**Unlucky Number.**  
Wife (angrily)—I'm sorry I ever met you.

Husband (calmly)—I suppose you remember the circumstances of our meeting, do you not?

Wife—No, I don't.

Husband—Well, I do. It was at a dinner party—and there were 13 at table—Chicago Daily News.

**True to His Profession.**  
"Say, Jones, did you notice that every man in the room drank to my health last night, excepting that studious looking chap with the eyeglasses?"

"You mustn't mind that."  
"And why not?"  
"He's a doctor."—Yonkers Herald.

**Would Need To.**  
Tommy—Can you swim, Mr. Soft-soap?

Mr. Soft-soap—No, Tommy; I'm sorry to say I can't swim.

Tommy—Then you had better learn. I heard Clara say that she was going to throw you overboard.—N. Y. World.

**The Gentlemanly Burglar.**

Judge—The evidence shows that when you entered houses you never entered the rooms occupied by women.

Prisoner—No, yer honor; it knocks me silly to see wimmen with their hair done up in crimpes.—Chicago Record.

**Pretty Tail.**  
Englishman—You have some pretty high buildings in Chicago, haven't you?

Chicago (in London)—Well, I should remark! Why, the tops of them are covered with snow the year around!—N. Y. World.

**WARNED JUST IN TIME.**



Cautious Friend (aside)—Better cover up dat pin, Mr. Johnsons; de glass-eater's smackin' his lips.—Chicago Daily News.

**An Old Story.**

Clara—I was proposed to last night—and by Charlie Islington.

Maud—That's too bad.

"Why is it?"

"Oh, I was in hopes that it was some man I didn't know."—Detroit Free Press.

**No Wonder.**

Rector—I never in my life touched a congregation as I did this morning. Every eye was on me.

Wife—No wonder. When you took your hat off your gloves remained on the top of your head.—N. Y. World.

**American Tips Too Large.**

Frenchman—Vat you gif zat wataire?

American—I gave the waiter half a dollar.

Frenchman—Mon Dieu! Zat ees von teep; zat ees one bribe.—N. Y. Weekly.

**Well Named.**

Alice—Charley is going to call his new race horse "Bad News."

May—Why?

Alice—Because he says bad news travs fast.—Town Topics.

**Johnny's Heroism.**

"This won't do," exclaimed Mrs. Box excitedly, "there's 13 at table."

"Never mind, ma," shouted little Johnny, "I kin eat for two."—Cinein Enquier.

**APARTMENTS STILL TO LET.**



The Professor—Yes, I like the room with their view of the factory chimneys, symbolical of life and human activity.

Landlady—Lord! them's the chimneys of the crematorium!—Ally Sloper.

**PUT \$5 IN CONTRIBUTION BOX.**

**Young Man Who Got Hold of the Wrong Piece of Money in Church.**

Just before the contribution box was passed around in a fashionable South side church the attention of a member of the congregation was attracted by a whispered conversation between two young men who occupied the seat in front of him. He listened and this was what he heard them say, says the Chicago Chronicle:

"Clarence, let me have a dime or a quarter. I have only got a penny and a five-dollar gold piece. I don't want to put the penny in the box and I can't afford to put the gold piece in. Lent me a quarter, and I will give it back as soon as I can get this changed when we get out."

"I can't do it," said the companion of the first speaker. "All I have is a quarter and a ten-dollar bill. If I lend you the quarter I will either have to give the ten dollars or nothing. Put the penny in and make up next Sunday by giving a little more."

"All right," said his friend, and just at that time the usher extended the box in front of him. He dropped in a coin and his companion did likewise, and nothing more was said of the matter.

After the services were over the man who had overheard this conversation boarded a Cottage Grove avenue car to come up into the city. After the car had started he noticed that the two young men who had sat in front of him in church again occupied the seat in front of him in the car. The conductor was coming toward them and they both put their hand in their pocket to get car fare, but the one who had the gold piece in church said:

"Never mind, Clarence, I have that gold piece, and I want to get it changed. I will pay both fares and you will not have to break that ten-dollar bill."

This said he drew his hand from his pocket and extended the coin to the conductor, who took it and then handed it back, saying:

"That's not enough." It was the penny that the young man had thought he had given to the church, when in reality he had donated the five-dollar gold piece. The other man paid the car fare and the one with the penny said:

"Isn't that tough? You know that I can't afford to give five dollars to the church. I would if I could."

"It is pretty bad," said his friend. "If I were you I would go and tell Dr. — the circumstances and I am sure he would give it back to you."

"No," said the unfortunate. "I couldn't do that. I would rather stand my landlady off for two weeks than think of doing that. No, I gave the money to the church; let it go to —."

A number of passengers heard this remark, which was made in a rather loud tone of voice, and they all glanced in a reprimanding way at the speaker, who, realizing what he had said, blushed under their gaze and nudged his friend to get off at the next stop.

**FOREIGN SUBSTANCES.**

**How They May Be Removed from the Eye—Never Rub Affected Organ.**

A natural instinct impels a person who feels pain or irritation to rub the affected spot. When some trifling object gets under the eyelid, one is tempted to rub the exterior of the lid, and thus unconsciously imbed the object in the inner surface, thus rendering its ultimate removal more difficult. Another almost irresistible impulse prompts one to wink. This operation is apt to have the same effect. If the lid be promptly turned inside out, though, danger from both of these causes will be avoided and the discovery of the mischief-making particle may be promoted. It is better to have some one else do the hunting, but if a looking glass is at hand, perhaps the victim can see well enough with the other eye to find the object in question. A correspondent of the Scientific American makes these suggestions:

Gently hold the eye open with the fingers and thumb of one hand, while with the other hand dash light handfuls of water in and across it, so as to produce a current of water flowing over all the surface of the eye, and the under side of the lids. The effect of this almost invariably is to push the intruding object from the eye.

The eye should not be rubbed or a lid drawn over the other, or a silk handkerchief drawn across the affected part, but the eye should be kept from winking as much as possible, while prompt action is being taken to cause a current of water to pass over the surface of the ball.

This method is a copy from nature, for when very fine dust enters the eye nature seeks to relieve it by means of the fluids which moisten and lubricate the eye, and when larger objects enter, and cling more tenaciously, the irritation causes a copious discharge of tears, so that the eye overflows, as nature tries by flushing it to propel along and float away with the current the cause of the irritation.

**Pancakes.**

Housewives, if your bread sponge happens to sour, do not throw it away. Simply add water to thin it, if too thick, allowing one-half teaspoonful of soda to every quart of sponge, and fry like any pancake. They have a delicious flavor, resembling that of the best buckwheat cakes, for which they are sometimes mistaken.—Ladies' World.

**FASHION NOTES.**

**Items on Dress That Will Interest Members of the Female Sex.**

The short or rainy-day skirt is becoming very popular, not only for stormy days, but for sunshiny days as well, says Ladies' World.

Women are getting to be very sensible about wearing these short skirts, and it is surprising how many one sees of them now in the shopping district. At one time they were only worn for wheeling, golf and stormy days; but now one sees them at all times, and there is no skirt more comfortable than this. But if they are worn one must also wear nice shoes with them, otherwise they do not look well.

Tubular braid makes a pretty trimming for gowns of wool or cloth, and if laid over a color—for instance, red or white—it is very stylish. The waist of a gray and black gown was made with bolero fronts and the vest was strapped with bands of red cloth with black tubular braid over, and this same trimming went around the edges of the jacket, collar and cuffs.

Redhats will be much worn for early fall, either all red or black trimmed with red. It is at this season that the red hats look pretty when worn with black or dark blue suits.

A pretty hat was of red straw with a trimming around the crown of red chiffon, and a little to the left was an immense rosette of the same material.

A short-back sailor in an eucalyptus straw was trimmed with wide black velvet ribbon bows in front, and at the back under the rim was a bunch of deep red roses and black velvet bow.

Another red hat, which was very stunning, had bias bands of red velvet around the crown and on the under side of the brim, and in front was a large bow of grenadine silk-striped red ribbon, with a bunch of light red and dark red roses.

This said he drew his hand from his pocket and extended the coin to the conductor, who took it and then handed it back, saying:

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## THE BOURBON NEWS.

(Twentieth Year—Established 1881.)

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

WALTER CHAMP, Editors and Owners.

SWIFT CHAMP,

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For President,  
HON. W. J. BRYAN,  
of Nebraska.For Vice President,  
ADLAI STEVENSON,  
of Illinois.For Congress,  
W. B. MOODY,  
of Henry County.For Governor,  
J. C. W. BECKHAM,  
of Bardstown.Democrats, register to-day  
or you cannot vote. Polls  
open from 6 a. m. to 9 p. m.

Rousing Democratic Speeches.

ATTORNEY GENERAL ROBERT J. BRECKINRIDGE and Assistant Adjutant General David R. Murray, both of Frankfort, made stirring Democratic speeches to a large and enthusiastic audience yesterday afternoon at the court house. Both speakers confined themselves mostly to State issues and dealt many heavy blows to the Republican party and its leaders, the thrusts being enthusiastically applauded by the large crowd. Both Gen. Murray and Gen. Breckinridge were introduced by Attorney N. C. Fisher in a brief speech. Speaker South Trimble was also advertised to speak here yesterday, but was detained in Frankfort and could not fill the appointment.

Bryan Coming Saturday.

HON. W. J. BRYAN will come to Louisville Saturday night and arrangements are being made to give him a magnificent ovation. Mr. Bryan will make three speeches at various parts of the city on that evening. This will be his only visit to Kentucky and it is to be made a State occasion.

Democratic Clubs Organized.

LARGE Democratic Clubs were organized Saturday night in five of the six precincts in the city, and the Democrats are working to roll up a big majority in Bourbon.

The First Precinct Club has Hon. E. M. Dickson for its President, T. E. Ashbrook, Vice President, Desha Lucas, Secretary, James Stewart, Treasurer. Horace Miller was selected delegate to the Convention of Democratic Clubs at Indianapolis. This club will meet Thursday night at 7:30 at the court house, and addresses by E. M. Dickson and N. C. Fisher will be made.

The Second Precinct Club elected Judge Russell Mann for its President, Walter Champ, Secretary, Walter Clark, Treasurer. This club will meet Thursday night at J. M. Thomas' office.

The Third Precinct Club elected Michael Murphy, President, and James Wilson, Secretary.

The Fourth Precinct Club chose Lee Bell for President, J. A. Gibson for Secretary, and Denis Dundon for Treasurer. D. C. Parrish was selected as delegate to the Convention of Democratic Clubs this week at Indianapolis.

The Fifth Precinct Club elected Sam'l B. Rogers its President, Wm. Remington for Vice President, and Frank Remington as Secretary, with T. P. Woods as Treasurer.

There was no club organized in the Sixth precinct.

Political Topics.

Gov. Beckham and Ollie James will speak at a barbecue at Hardinsburg on the 22d.

Hon. Bourke Cochran, of New York, will speak at Louisville, on the 22d for Bryan and Beckham.

A gang of Republican rowdies broke up a big Democratic meeting in St. Louis Friday night.

Mr. Yerkes spoke to a crowd of about 1,500 people at London Friday. He spoke Saturday at Mt. Vernon.

The Philadelphia *Times*, which was a strong supporter of McKinley four years ago, has come out for Bryan, saying in the course of a seathing editorial that the evils present four years ago have returned sevenfold.

Postmasters are being assessed \$11 each by the Republicans in an almost open manner. As there are 80,000 postmasters, the fund would aggregate nearly \$1,000,000. A Nebraska postmaster has exposed the scheme and several of the letters are made public.

Gov. Beckham spoke at Owenton Friday, his audience numbering fully 5,000 people. The Governor was accorded an ovation and the crowd was enthusiastic throughout the meeting. Representatives Campbell Cantrell and South Trimble also made speeches. Friday night Gov. Beckham spoke to a crowd of 500 at Sparta.

DON'T fail to inspect my line of waists and rainy day skirts during my grand opening on October 11th, 12th and 13th.

HARRY SIMON.

Kentucky's Great Trot!

LEXINGTON,

OCTOBER 2 TO 13.

\$75,000

IN STAKES AND PURSES.

The World's Best  
Race Meeting.

The \$16,000 Futurity, Tuesday, Oct. 2.  
The \$5,000 Transylvania, Thursday, Oct. 4.  
The \$5,000 (2-year-old) Futurity, Wednesday, Oct. 3.  
The \$3,000 Tennessee, Tuesday, Oct. 2.  
The \$3,000 Walnut Hall Cup, Monday, Oct. 8.  
The \$3,000 Ashland, Monday, Oct. 8.

Big Stakes Daily. All the Crack Horses. Daily Concerts by Weber's Famous Band. Half-Rates on all Railroads. R. P. STOLL, Pres. H. W. WILSON, Sec'y.

F. W. Shackleford,

Contractor and Builder.

PARIS, KY. P. O. Box, O.

OYSTERS.

We have just received our first shipment of

FRESH  
BALTIMORE  
CANNED  
OYSTERS,

and will continue to receive them during the remainder of the season. As usual, we will have the freshest and finest stock in the city.

James Fee &amp; Son.

Grocers.

SHEEP FOR SALE.

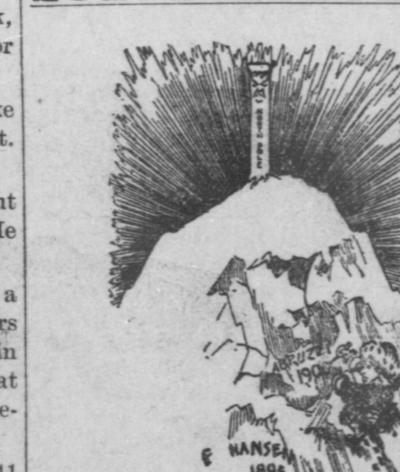
Two hundred and seventy-five good ewes. Nearly all black faces. BISHOP HIBLER &amp; BRO.

Palate

Pleasers!

The most fastidious epicure in Kentucky can find a hundred things to please his palate at our store. Everything known to fancy grocers always in stock. All goods fresh, and all orders filled promptly. Name your menu, then call us up—we'll do the rest.

Saloshin &amp; Co.



The icy winds from the North Pole will not hurt you this Winter if you wear good SHOES. The J. & M. and Walk-Over Shoes will fill the bill exactly.

Clay's Shoe Store,  
Cor. Fourth and Main Sts. Paris, Ky.

# ~\*~ BOYS' ~\*~ SCHOOL SUITS.

EVERY DAY THIS WEEK  
AND NEXT WILL BE DE-  
VOTED AS SPECIAL DAYS  
FOR SALE OF

## Boys' School Suits.

Prices to Suit Everybody.

## W. T. TALBOTT & CO.

### Don't Forget

WE SELL THE  
CELEBRATED

### Radiant Home

STOVE.

### Winn & Lowry.

### Still Kicking!



Are many cities on the census returns, but no kick can come if you use MAGIC SAFETY COAL OIL. The purest and best Oil in the world. It will not smoke up chimneys nor leave odor in a room where it's used. Especially desirable for night lamps.

Only 15c per gallon.

It's not made by the Standard Oil Trust.

PRATHER'S.

431 MAIN ST. PARIS, KY.

# FRANK & CO.,

LEADERS OF STYLE AND FASHION.

## Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Garments!



Our Stock is now complete in every detail and is larger than ever. We invite you to inspect the same, which comprises all the latest and popular things in

Ladies' Skirts,

Walking Skirts,

Silk Waists,

Flannel Waists,

Eiderdown and

Outing Dressing

Sacques,

Jacket-capes and

Furs of all kinds,

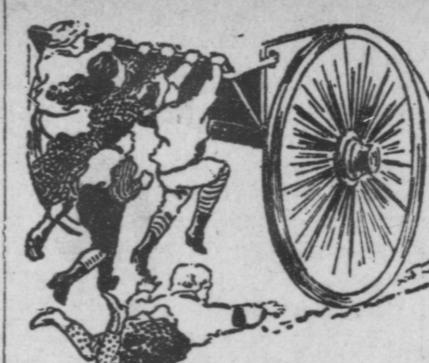
Remember we guarantee every garment bought of us to give entire satisfaction. All garments that do not perfectly fit are altered in our store without extra cost to the purchaser.

Agents for Butterick Patterns and Delineators.

## Frank & Co.

404 Main Street,

PARIS, KY.



Don't Get  
Left Behind

By not keeping your eyes open to the good things that I am offering. Don't think it over too long, because the prices I am making you on

Hammocks,  
Baby Carriages,  
Go-carts,  
Refrigerators,  
Carpets and  
Wall Paper.

Don't last always. Come and look anyway.

Undertaking in all its branches.  
Embalming scientifically attended to. Carriages for hire.

Furniture repaired. Household goods moved. WOOD MANTELS and TILINGS always on hand.

I can furnish you at any time an experienced man for manted work.

THE HANDSOMEST LINE OF LAMPS in Central Kentucky.

TELEPHONE NO. 36. NIGHT PHONE 22-OR56.

## J. T. HINTON.

I have also just added the handsomest AMBULANCE in the State to my already large stock of vehicles and it is ready to answer your calls at any time.

## THE BOURBON NEWS.

[Twenty-th Year—Established 1881.]

[Entered at the Post-office at Paris, Ky., as second class mail matter.]

TELEPHONE NO. 124.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE\$.  
[Payable in Advance.]  
One year.....\$2.00 | Six months.....\$1.00

Make all Checks, Money Orders, Etc., payable to the order of CHAMP &amp; BRO.

Democrats, register to-day or you cannot vote. Polls open from 6 a. m. to 9 p. m.

For RENT.—Large stable and yard. Apply at the Jail. 2t

J. T. McMillan, dentist, office over THE NEWS, on Broadway. (tf)

LADIES will find a full and up-to-date line of dress goods at Harry Simon's.

TWIN BROS. store will be closed tomorrow on account of the holiday Yom Kippur.

Youtsey's case was called at Georgetown yesterday and was postponed until to-day.

MISS MARGARET INGELS will make a political speech at Flemingsburg on October 11th.

GEORGE F. WHITLOCK has bought a residence on corner of High and Rose streets, for \$2,400.

GARRETT KENNEY has purchased the interest of Frank Bury in Penn &amp; Bury's meat market.

HARRY SIMON's dry goods store will be closed to-morrow on account of the holiday Yom Kippur.

I have a few good buggies yet on hand which I close out at cost. JAMES H. HAGGARD.

I HAVE a full line of Holland bulbs for Fall planting. W. M. GOODLOE.

WET and damaged wheat. We are prepared to handle this grain. See us before selling. E. F. SPEARS &amp; SONS.

WANTED.—Dwelling house 6 to 7 rooms near business part of city. Al. Greenbaum at G. L. Heyman's store.

A. SHIRE has purchased of G. G. White his undivided interest in the store room now occupied by Mr. Shire.

SHOES that please in style, fit and price, are what the purchaser wants. All these guaranteed at Davis, Thompson &amp; Isgrig. (dec8tf)

Mr. BUCKNER WOODFORD, of this city, was elected Vice-President for the Seventh District of the Kentucky Bankers Association.

A COMPLETE line of capes, jackets, furs and children's reefer will be a feature at Harry Simon's grand opening on the 11th, 12th and 13th.

C. C. MOORE, the erratic Lexington editor, is to be arraigned to-day in the Federal Court at Louisville for sending indecent literature through the mails.

LOST.—Sunday between Paris and Millersburg a light colored overcoat of good weight. Leave at THE NEWS office and get liberal reward. (1t)

LOST—Yesterday on Fourth street or Broadway a gold hair pin, two pronged, with carved open-work. Leave at the Power Grocery Co. or THE NEWS office and get reward.

THE L. &amp; N.'s excursion to Cincinnati Sunday was a large one. The train of twelve coaches was run as a double header from this city to Cincinnati. It was run in two sections coming back.

ELD. LLOYD DARSIE began a protracted meeting Sunday afternoon at Little Rock, and will continue it a fortnight. He will fill his pulpit in this city on Sunday mornings during the meeting.

FOR SALE.—Scholarship to Commercial College of Kentucky University, Wilbur Smith's college. Also scholarship to Lexington Business College. Good chance to secure scholarship at reduced price.

CARL CRAWFORD's barber shop is easily the best and most convenient place in Paris to get a shave, bath, haircut or shine. Three expert barbers furnish a quick and satisfactory service. Good bath service attached. 2t

I beg to inform the public that I am a constant buyer for cash of old Life Insurance policies, including endowment, ordinary life, tontine or distributions—running or paid up.

Hugh Montgomery.

Paris, Ky.

WHILE driving on Second street yesterday afternoon Mrs. E. M. Dickson and Miss Lizzette Dickson were run into by two drunken men, and narrowly escaped being injured. Miss Dickson's fine horse was hurt and the harness was damaged. The trap was not scratched.

H. MARGOLEN wished to thank his patrons for past patronage and to inform them that since cool weather has come he is better prepared to serve them with the best meats to be secured. His store will be closed to-morrow on account of holiday, but meats will be cut and delivered to-morrow morning to fill orders sent in to day.

## Returned From Manila.

E. R. MANN, who lives near Millersburg, arrived home Saturday morning from the Philippine Islands, where he has been in the army service for eighteen months. He was a member of the Fourteenth Regiment, in Gen. Wheaton's brigade, and was in a number of battles, besides almost dying of fever. Mr. Mann is glad to have been in the service, but says he wouldn't go through with his experiences in the Philippines again for \$50,000. He thinks that it will be several years before the Filipinos are subdued. He came from Manila on the transport Grant and was five weeks coming to Paris.

The following boys from Hustonville, Ky., are among the fifty-one members of the Twenty-ninth Infantry, supposed to be captured or killed: Sergt. Harry McKinley, Corp. Charles B. Bratton, Cook W. C. Daly, Privates Thomas B. Ellis, Kiler J. Fallowell, Edward H. Kidd, Jeff T. Sharp, Everitt F. Saylor.

Democrats, register to-day or you cannot vote. Polls open from 6 a. m. to 9 p. m.

## Court Day Stock Sales.

October court attracted a good crowd to Paris yesterday. There were about 1,200 cattle on the market, but the demand for them was slow. Bishop Hilder & Bro. sold thirty 670-lb. cattle to J. A. Howerton, and also sold 100 sheep to Henry Caywood and 50 to David Allen, at \$3.50 to \$4. T. B. Potts, of Louisville, sold twenty-nine 1050-lb. cattle to Vol Ferguson at \$4.40, and nineteen 900-lb. cattle to Mr. Stewart at \$4.25. Henry Bratton bought five yearlings at \$36.00. J. M. Bookly sold fifty-eight feeders privately, buyer and price not learned.

## Changes of Residence.

THOS. FISHER has moved from the corner of High and Seventh to the Alexander property on corner of Vine and Third streets, and Frank Bedford will move into the residence Mr. Fisher vacated, having purchased it. Mrs. Mary Webb will move into the Duncan property on Pleasant street, recently occupied as office rooms by Drs. Fithian and Bowen. Dr. Fithian has moved his office to the First Presbyterian parsonage on Fifth street.

## Minor Court Items.

YESTERDAY in Judge Smith's court John Cantrell, colored, was fined \$25 and costs and sentenced to fifteen days on rock pile for a breach of the peace.

Frank Monday, colored, and Samuel Wilson were fined \$7.50 each for a breach of the peace. They were tried by Judge Webb.

## Fashionable Fall Events.

THE days for the Fall weddings, matinees and millinery openings have arrived to give pleasure to feminine hearts. There are rumors of weddings, but two important events are sure to occur this week. The events are the annual Fall millinery displays made by Miss Corne Watson on Friday and Saturday at her store. Mrs. Watson has been assisted by Miss Ray Ceiner in arranging for the displays, and the newest shades of ribbons and velvets have been deftly placed with beautiful flowers on jaunty hats to delight her fastidious patrons. Mrs. Watson wishes every lady in Bourbon and near-by counties to visit her store on Friday and Saturday of this week.

## MATTERS MATRIMONIAL.

The Wedding Bells, Announcements, Cupid's Mischief

The marriage of Prof. William Hardin Lucas, of this city, and Miss Anne Bouldin Osborne, of Mason, is announced to occur on Thursday, November 1st. Mr. Charles Bouldin Osborne, of Chicago, brother of the bride-elect, will be married on Wednesday, November 7th, to Miss Sue Boyd, of Covington.

The marriage of Miss Mary Bryan, a Georgetown society belle, to Mr. Albert Slack, of Cincinnati, will occur on October 30th at the Georgetown Christian Church. Miss Fannie Rogers will be maid of honor at the wedding and the bridesmaids, Misses May Wells, Mamie Stone, Miss Bell, of Chicago, and Miss Scott, of Frankfort.

The engagement is announced of Miss Elizabeth Nelson, the charming daughter of Judge George Nelson of Clark county, and Mr. Kennedy Helm, of Louisville. The marriage will be celebrated the middle of November.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Ward, of Cynthiana, have issued cards to the marriage of their daughter, Kitty, to Mr. Warren Underwood Grider, Wednesday evening, October 10th, at half past seven o'clock.

Miss Frances Reid, of Mason county, who is well known in Bourbon, will wed Mr. Pearce Calvert, of Mason, on Oct. 24th, at the Millcreek Church.

The engagement is announced of Mr. Ward Bush and Miss Alma Allen, both of Cynthiana. The wedding will be celebrated on the eleventh of October.

The marriage of Gov. Beckham to Miss Jean Fuqua, of Owensboro, is announced to occur on November 15th.

There are forty suits for divorce in the Hopkinsville Circuit Court now in session.

## THE MOVING THRONG.

Notes About Our Guests, Arrivals and Departures—Society's Doings.

—Mr. W. M. Hinton, Jr., left Sunday for Swango Springs.

—Miss Sue Buckner was a visitor in Lexington Saturday.

—Mrs. David Doty visited relatives in Georgetown last week.

—Judge J. R. Morton, of Lexington, was in the city yesterday.

—Miss Julia Hamilton, of Newport, is visiting friends in the city.

—Gray Smith left Sunday for a short business trip to Dayton, O.

—Miss Eddie Spears is visiting friends and relatives in Lexington.

—J. E. Kern left Saturday afternoon for a business trip to Atlanta.

—Prof. Hardin Lucas was in Mason county Sunday visiting friends.

—Miss Celeste Lucas left Saturday for Irvine to take charge of her school.

—Mrs. Mattie McCarney, of Lexington, is visiting relatives in the city.

—Mrs. T. J. McLaughlin and children, of Lexington, are guests of Mrs. Thos. Roche.

—Miss Elizabeth Woodford is the guest of Miss Mary G. Woodford, in Mt. Sterling.

—Miss Lucy Johnson was the guest of relatives in Carlisle from Friday until yesterday.

—Dr. Ben Frank left yesterday for New York to take a special course in medicine.

—Miss Edna Lytle returned home Saturday from a visit to relatives in Maysville.

—Miss Elizabeth Skillman, of Winchester, was in the city yesterday en route to Georgetown for a visit.

—Mrs. J. M. Hughes and Mrs. W. E. Board have arrived home from a visit to Mrs. Ed. Taylor, in Newport.

—Mrs. Wm. Hukill, Sr., arrived home Saturday from a visit to her daughter, Mrs. M. H. Davis, at Mayslick.

—Mrs. Ida Stoner returned Saturday from Mt. Sterling accompanied by her mother, Mrs. John S. Williams.

—Miss Katherine Helm, of Elizabeth town, arrived last night to be the guest of Mrs. Ida Stoner, at "Oakland."

—Mrs. E. J. Myall has been taken to the Good Samaritan Hospital at Lexington to receive medical treatment.

—Mrs. Fannie Friend and daughter, Miss Ida, left Saturday for Irvine, where they will reside in the future.

—Hon. George Snider, ex-Bourbon, of Louisville, was in the city yesterday in the interest of the Stone Tobacco Warehouse.

—Mr. and Mrs. Howard Curry, who have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Thompson for a week, have returned to Lexington.

—Miss Alma Tucker, of Newport, who has been the guest of Mrs. James Taylor, of Thornton Division, returned home Saturday.

—Miss Ethel Moody, of Eminence, is expected to come to Paris this month for a visit to Misses Margaret and Ollie Butler, on Vine street.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Hanly, of Kansas City, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. James Short, went over to Mt. Sterling for a visit Saturday.

—The Violet Whist Club has been reorganized, and will have its first meeting of the season to-morrow evening at Mr. Jesse Turney's, near this city.

—DON'T fail to attend the grand opening of Harry Simon's new store on October 11th, 12th and 13th.

—October Revenue Assignments.

AMONG the October revenue assignments are noted the following: Store-keepers—N. A. Moore, J. P. Hutchcraft, G. G. White Co.; Henry B. Clay, C. T. Throckmorton, Owen Speed, Paris Distilling Co., Storekeeper Gangers—J. M. Burbridge, Peacock Distilling Co.; John M. Jameson, Bourbon Distilling Co.

## Ladies.

After seeing the display of Hats, take time and see the elegant line of children and boy's suits at Price & Co., Clothiers, bought from the best manufacturers in the United States, and will sell at prices that defy competition. 2t

—THE L. & N. is selling tickets to the Lexington trot at one fare.

—NICE souvenirs given away at my opening on October 11th, 12th and 13th.

HARRY SIMON.

INSURE your tobacco all farm property with T. Porter Smith. Rates as low as the lowest.

—MISS PETITT will address a parlor meeting of the W. C. T. U. this afternoon at three o'clock at the home of Mrs. W. T. Brooks.

—THE County superintendent is busy visiting her schools and will be in her office only on Monday and second Saturdays the rest of November.

—Price & Co. will be closed Wednesday on account of a holiday, and open at 6 p. m. Wednesday. 2t

## OBITUARY.

Miss Mattie Cheshire, an aged and respected lady of this city, died Saturday afternoon at her home on High street, after an illness of three weeks. The deceased was about sixty-five years old, and was an aunt of Mrs. Benjamin Perry, of this city. Funeral services were held at her late residence yesterday afternoon at three o'clock by Elder Lloyd Darsie and Rev. E. H. Rutherford, and the remains were interred in the Paris cemetery. The pall-bearers were George W. Davis, Dr. H. H. Roberts, Henry Turney, W. H. Ingels, A. J. Fee, Wm. Remington.

Bessie Himes, aged eleven, daughter of W. T. Himes, who lives near the Palmer school house, died Saturday of diphtheria. Burial Sunday at Ruddles Mills.

Mrs. Elsie Everman, aged about seventy years, died near North Middleton on Sunday night.

## LAND WANTED!

We wish to rent small farm near Paris, with eight acres for tobacco and twenty for corn. Good reference from good people. McCORD BROS., Carlisle, Ky.

1900.

## Mrs. M. PARKER

INVITES YOU TO HER

## FALL AND WINTER EXHIBIT

—OF—

## Pattern Hats, Novelties

Friday and Saturday,

OCT. 5 and 6,

Main St., Paris, Ky.

## Fall Millinery!

MRS. GEORGE RION

INVITES THE LADIES TO HER ANNUAL

## Fall Display

—ON—

Friday and Saturday,

October 5th and 6th.

## FALL, 1900,

FALL

## Millinery Display.

Oct. 5th and 6th.

THE LADIES ARE INVITED TO ATTEND.

Mrs. CORNE WATSON.

## PUBLIC :: SALE

—OF—

THE BOURBON NEWS  
(Nineteenth Year—Established 1881)Published every Tuesday and Friday by  
WALTER CHAMP, Editors and Owner  
SWIFT CHAMP, Editors and Owner

## COMING OF HIS SWEETHEART.

De Imities spread a carpet fer de fallin' er  
her feet—  
My honey, my honey, my sweet;  
En de Red Rose know de way  
Dat she walkin' ever day.  
My honey, my honey, my sweet!

De River stop en say:  
'She's a-comin' dis a-way!'  
En de Water-Lily dancin' lak' he had a  
holiday;  
En de Winter say: "I reckon I mus' look  
out fer de May,  
My honey, my honey, my sweet!"

De Sunflower tu'n ter meet her in de medder  
en de street—  
My honey, my honey, my sweet;  
En de Mockin' Bird he say:  
'I mus' sing my bes'-to-day  
For my honey, my honey, my sweet!"

De Win's dey runs a race  
Dess a-rappin' 'roun' de place,  
En blow de li'l stars out case day peepin'  
in her face;  
En de Honeyesuckle tell her dat her lips is  
sweet ter taste—  
My honey, my honey, my sweet!

I hear de bells a-rangin' cross de clover en  
de wheat—  
My honey, my honey, my sweet;  
En de Sun riz up en say  
My honey, my honey, my sweet!

I heahs her footsteps plain  
In de pathur er de rain—  
In de drappin' er de blossoms in de med-  
der en de lane.

En my heart is dess a-gwine lak' a silver  
ban' a-playin'

For my honey, my honey, my sweet!

Frank L. Stanton, in Saturday Evening  
Post.

## CASHIERED.

By Andrew Balfour.

THE lieutenant was but a boy, a product of the English public school and of Sandhurst, with an incipient mustache and a face which six months before had been fresh and ruddy as a fox hunter's at Christmastide. But the dreaded west coast had done its work, in part at least; and it was a haggard, weary, yellow visage which, with a pair of field glasses, swept the dull green fringe of the relentless bush, and then turned to the little garrison. The lieutenant gave an order, pointed with his finger, and from a loophole in the stockade came a flash, a sharp report. As if in answer to a summons, black shape sprang up from the edge of the forest cover, screamed wildly, and with convulsive twitches pitched out into the open, rolled over and over, and lay still.

"Ready, lads," sang out their officer; and the men of the frontier police prepared to do as they had done every day and many a night for the past six weeks.

They were a dusky lot, in ragged uniforms, with cheek bones which told a tale of want of food, parched lips which were evidence of the muddy, brackish water that could scarcely moisten them and yet was all their comfort, and fierce, wild eyes which spoke to wakeful nights and dread uncertainty. Day and night, night and day, had they watched and fought and suffered, and still the old flag drooped idly from its post in the simmering heat, and still they waited for relief with a hope which waned within them.

The lieutenant looked to his revolver, and with fingers which trembled a little rolled a thin cigarette and tried hard to muster up a cheery smile. It was a sorry attempt, for his nerves were giving way, and there was that in his blood which saps all joviality and makes the liver in very truth a seat of melancholy. There had been little loss in men, for the stockade was strong and high, and lead-coated stones and pot-legs, though ugly missiles, are none too efficient as regards the searching of loopholes at 80 and 100 yards; but to the lieutenant the scorching sun's rays, the empty stomach, the dry and burning throat, the want of sleep, and the utter loneliness were as bad—nay, worse—than the loss of half a dozen black fellows, faithful to the death though these might be.

It was his first experience of war, and there was no glory in the business. If he failed, few would ever learn that Fort Muti had held out to the bitter end against terrible odds, and fewer still would care. Men's minds were busy elsewhere, for the west coast was not all Africa, and trouble was brewing with men of another color and another clime. For all that, the lieutenant had done his duty, and much more than he imagined, for many things unknown to him depended on the safety of his outpost.

"Here they come!" he cried suddenly, and from every quarter of the encircling forest darted white puffs of smoke, and noises innumerable filled the air—the sharp rime crack, the heavy boom of the elephant gun, the bang, bang, of flintlock muskets, and then the battle yell of a savage foe. There was no answer from Fort Muti. Its defenders could not afford to waste powder on the scrub; but now came the rush. A horde of savages, their hair frizzed out into fantastic patterns, their bodies naked save for the loin cloth, bounded into the open and raced towards the palisades.

"Give it them, men!" yelled the lieutenant, and they got it. It was the old Martini which served the black police, and the Martini bullet has driving power. At such a range, in such a mass of humanity, each leaden messenger found a plethora of billets both temporary and permanent, and the assailants found things

too hot for them. A few, fanatics all, escaped the deadly hail and sprang at the defences, only to be dashed to earth with the butt or run through in a good-going tussle.

"The children of the white devil" had conquered once again. It could not last, however. The enemy had shown more boldness than hitherto, the cartridges were woefully less, and a fresh attack was clearly impending.

The lieutenant's heart sank within him, and yet he spoke a few words of praise and encouragement to his men. His speech was never ended. Distant but distinct there rang out a bugle-call, and then from the green depths around came the rattling crash of a fusillade and the constant pop, pop, pop of the ubiquitous Maxim.

Fort Muti was relieved.

"Splendid, my dear boy!" said a major of the line 20 minutes later. "You have done capitally, and if I can manage it you'll have the D.S.O. for you deserve it if anyone does. Now take a pull at this."

Perhaps he guessed that the lieutenant was on the verge of disgracing his manhood.

## II.

Three weeks had come and gone, just half as long as the ordeal at Fort Muti had lasted, and the relieving column was cutting its arduous way through the dense bush to whose fate another isolated post whose fate hung in the balance.

The lieutenant had been offered his chance to return to the coast or to accompany the expedition, and, as a boy, he had chosen the latter alternative. His feeling of malaise—those shivers down his spine, that dragging pain, slight, but never absent from his left side—should have warned him. The surgeon did so; but the lieutenant merely laughed and lied to him, and threw dust in his eyes, for the surgeon was wounded and scarcely so keen at a diagnosis as was his wont. So the lieutenant journeyed with the rest, and was wild with delight at having four white men to talk to and something decent to eat, while the fizz of soda water was as the plashing of fountains in his ears. His spirits were high, and his head just a little swelled with success. He began to talk big, and was somewhat of a nuisance with his tales of how "I thought this" and how "I did that;" but his fellow-officers pardoned much and smiled grimly. It was one thing, they told him, to fight from cover, and quite another to face death in the open; and the lieutenant was offended and sulked, and wondered why his head swam, and why he started at every sudden noise from beyond the double wall of creeper-clad trees which hemmed in the long, snake-like, crawling column.

He grew snappish and irritable, and was no pleasant companion. The others, who did not know him well, put him down as a conceited young ass, for their test of illness was appetite, and the lieutenant ate like a horse. They did not know that after each meal he was sick as a dog. The malaria, a peculiar and insidious form, fastened upon him slowly; for his body had been healthy, and he was young and sober, but its grip was none the less sure. His poisoned blood reacted on his brain, and as he stumbled forward he would start at the sight of a snake, and peer fearfully into the green screen behind him, where, had he but known it, glided the naked foe. At last the column received a sudden check.

Halting where they escaped the fire, they learned that a chance had been vouchsafed to them. The ford had to be tested, for the gallant Irish brigade had been ordered to cross the Tugela and storm the kopjes. There was a call for volunteers; but every man was willing. A half-dozen, envied by their comrades, received the order, and amongst them was a young trooper who had found it hard to pass the doctors, and yet had managed to enlist, for men were wanted who could ride well and shoot straight, and he had given ample evidence that he possessed both accomplishments. His sallow face was lined and weary; trouble was marked upon his brow; he was old for his years; but in his eyes was a fiery glitter and his teeth were set. This time he would not fail his country.

"You are to search the ford, cross if possible, and return and report," was the command, with an additional: "Good luck to you, my lads." It had to be a dash, and a dash it was. Into the level raced the troop, and a hail of bullets came swishing past their ears, furrowed the earth about them, scattering the dust which rose like water-jets on a pond when a thundershower pits its surface.

Thud! crash! One was down; but on they galloped. It was a marvel they were not swept away by such a storm of lead. Another horse plunged and shrieked in agony; another man pitched backwards and trailed one foot in stirrup upon the ground.

It could not be done; every man of them was wounded, and every horse but one. Its rider, a mere boy, shot in the shoulder, with a useless left arm, careered forward alone. He reached the water; with reddened spurs he forced his maddened steed into the stream. On and on they pressed; the river swirled about them. It was the ford, but now could scarce be so called, for the wily foe had dammed back the waters, which rose to the horse's withers and threatened to sweep the hoofs from under him. The drift deepened—there was a desperate struggle; then it shoaled.

Those who watched shouted aloud in admiration. Although they knew he could not hear, they now cried upon the venturesome trooper to return. He had crossed—the first man to cross—and the brigade was to follow him, to the death if need be; but it were a pity if he should now fall.

"Do you hear me, lieutenant?" roared his commanding officer. "Take that bridge, and at once, sir!"

Still the ping ping went on, mingled now and then with dull, sickening thuds and the cry of men in pain, or the horrid gurgle which blood makes in the throats of those who die.

The lieutenant looked behind him. There was no way of escape.

"Lieutenant—, for the last time I order you to take the bridge." The major's voice was harsh yet tremulous with passion. His sword pointed the way.

"Men of the police, I myself will lead you! Follow me!" he cried, and with a wild cheer the men of the leading company dashed at the hidden enemy, swarmed across the bridge and took the village without the loss of a single file; and all the time the lieutenant lay and grovelled on the ground.

There was no D.S.O. for him; the service knew him no more. Men said

he was a coward, and spoke low, for it was not a pleasant subject. They whispered that he was all right when behind a stockade, but no earthly use in a good-going tussle.

The parasite of malaria, the stealthy plasmodium, knew better. It alone could tell what became of the boy. No coward chooses to die as the lieutenant chose within a year of the relieving of Fort Muti.

## III.

Since early morn the thundering roar of cannon had echoed from kopje to kopje, mingling with the shriek of flying shells and the heavy rumble of field artillery and ammunition wagons. The naval brigade had shelled the Boer position and been shelled in its turn. The deep Tugela, where of yore the river-horse had gambled in ungainly play, on whose banks vast herds of antelope had roamed, in whose rapid waters the lion had oftentimes quenched his thirst, now swept as a dividing-line between the invader and the advancing force.

The low hills were full of armed Beers, the intersecting valleys patrolled by their horse, every point of vantage crowned by their heavy Krupps and far-reaching Creusots. Thousands of Mauser riflemen lay bidding their time—rude, rough dwellers on the veldt, but stubborn foes and deadly marksmen. With keen eyes they watched the preparations for the British infantry attack, and marvelled at the courageous folly of the hated "rooneeks."

To the south of the river the brown battalions were mustering, every man keen to get to close quarters with an enemy which loved cover as the prowling beast of prey loves the shade of rock and bush and scrub. Bugles and cavalry trumpets sounded loud and mellow, company after company stood to arms, troop after troop clattered joyfully to their appointed posts; while the eager artillerymen, brave to rashness, whirled, bounding and bumping, to the front, their teams straining at the harness, the white dust whirling from beneath the wheels of the gun-carriages.

A mounted officer spurred quickly to where the imperial scouts were drawn up in a long double line, two lines of steel and khaki upon two other lines of restless horses which smelt the battle from afar. He was met by their commander; a few brief words passed between them, and the cavalry were at once put in motion and trotted towards the river's brink.

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"One of the most difficult of species to keep alive is the South American tapir. They are brought chiefly from the Amazon river and belong to the pig family. Like the monkeys, they all die of consumption. Snakes, as a rule, die of cancer. I have often taken from the mouth of a python pieces of decayed tissue as large as a walnut. This disease is produced by the habit of the snakes striking their fangs into wood or any hard substance with which they come in contact. The fangs are usually broken off in these attacks and cancer supervenes.

As soon as I detect the cancerous growth in the mouth of a snake I know that the reptile is doomed. I remember a curious instance of this kind in connection with a magnificent royal Bengal tiger, which went mad from convulsions brought on by eating too much, and in a frenzy the tiger ate off her own tail close up to the body and devoured every inch of it, including the hair.

About three years ago I lost three rare Koodoo antelopes in a very curious manner. They were confined in a stable which was infested with rats. Late one night I heard a great hubbub in the stable. Opening the door I found the antelopes springing all over the stable, striking their horns against the flooring overhead and acting as if they were frightened out of their wits. I noticed that they looked at a particular spot in the corner, and when I saw a rat come out the effect was magical upon the antelopes. I tried in vain to quiet them but the next morning they were found dead in the stable. They had died from fright."

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"The Duke—But, m'lady, there's nothing in it."

The American looked as sober as a criminal court judge, says Brooklyn Life.

"Well?" he asked.

"Don't you see?" explained the disgusted Britisher, poking the other in the ribs with his cane; "the countess says someone accuses her companion (hal) of having a big head, (hal! hal!) and he declares (pah! hal!) there's nothing in it."

"Yes, but—"

"Blasted idiocy, but what?"

"Her companion was a duke?"

"Yes."

"And not any different from the rest of the English nobility?"

"No. But the joke, the joke! It is so adroitly put. In apparent inadvertence (desperately) the duke admits there is nothing in his head! Now, do you see?"

"Well, it's a little strange that the duke could make such a frank and candid admission, but—where does the joke come in?"

Struck on the neck, the dripping charger wheeled in fright and dashed back upon its trail. Struck in a dozen places, the trooper reeled, clutched at its mane, and then, as they floundered from ford to pool and from pool to deep and rushing current, he lost his hold and was swept away.

Swinging upon the bosom of the Tu-

gela, sweeping to join the buffaloes and the sea, wild-eyed and blood-stained, drifted the shot-riddled corpse of Trooper —, whom none knew to be an ex-lieutenant. —Chambers' Journal.

## DISEASES OF WILD BEASTS.

Consumption Carries Off a Good Many of Those Held in Captivity.

"What diseases are wild beasts in captivity subject to?" was the question a Washington Star reporter recently put to a leading animal importer.

"Well," was the reply, "monkeys for the most part die of consumption and pneumonia. Antelopes, moose, deer and other browsing beasts die because proper food cannot be found for them. In my opinion, the tannin in the bark and twigs which these animals feed most largely upon is what their systems need in order to keep them in a healthy condition. Of course, very little of this is found in the hay and other foods which are fed to these animals in captivity. In regard to the far-western animals of this country there seems to be some peculiar quality of the alfalfa and other grasses of the prairie which is absolutely necessary for their sustenance and well-being. I think that the climatic change has very little influence upon them. I have shipped lots of mule deer, black-tailed deer, antelope and Rocky mountain sheep to Europe and the continent, but they did not live one year. You see that moose, for instance, live largely upon lichen and bark. Of course, these foods cannot be secured so far from the forests, and hay proves to be a very poor substitute. I have no doubt but that if these animals could be supplied with their natural food they would live as long as lions and tigers."

"All who come to America," said Prof. Starr, "must converge toward the Indian type. Individual features of more than 5,000 children of Pennsylvania Dutch parentage and has found in most cases a lengthening of the face and broadening of the cheek bones in accordance with the characteristic features of the Indian races. Recently in his class in ethnology he pointed out various members of the class who most strongly showed the Indian tendency.

Prof. Starr bases his theory upon careful investigation. He has minutely examined and measured the features of more than 5,000 children of Pennsylvania Dutch parentage and has found in most cases a lengthening of the face and broadening of the cheek bones in accordance with the characteristic features of the Indian races.

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"Asia is the continent of the brown and yellow men. Whatever you pour into it becomes as the natives who are there. Africa is the black man's continent. The white man who goes to Africa must in time become black, with the projecting jaw, the coarse hair and backward heel of the native African races."

Prof. Starr was asked if the Indianized Americans of the future would live in wigwams. He replied that when the first white explorers came to America there were many Indians living in better houses than Chicago people live in to-day.

"One of the most difficult of species to keep alive is the South American tapir. They are brought chiefly from the Amazon river and belong to the pig

## SONG BIRDS.

Sing, little bird, your sweetest song,  
And let each note, throat-warm and clear,  
Float on the breezes far and long,  
To charm the listening ear.  
The trill that swells your vibrant throat,  
And fills your little heart with glee,  
Finds in my breast an answering note  
Akin to ecstasy.

And blended with your tender lay  
Comes the soft murmur of the stream,  
Like wind-harps in the boughs that play  
Sleep-music to a dream.  
Lute-like it lingers on the breeze,  
Then slowly fades, and, fading, dies,  
Like spirit voices in the trees,  
Half laughter and half sighs.

Among the locust's blossoms faint,  
And drunk of perfume, nods the bay,  
The mourning-dove, with sad complaint,  
Flits through the elders gray.  
The sparrow chirps within the grass,  
Joe-pie-weed hides the whistling quail.  
The blackbirds at their daily mass  
Chant anthems in the swall.

The brown thrush in his trailing flight  
From shrub to hedge, from hedge to vine,  
The freckles on his breast as bright  
As bubbles on new wine,  
Will droop a soulful lyric here,  
A half-song sonnet there,  
In notes as running water clear,  
Beseeching as a prayer.

Here and everywhere, and always,  
The languorous summer through,  
In briery vine-wreathed hallways  
The catbird's song is due.  
He sings the summer sunshine in,  
The autumn sunlight down,  
While I, in homely stanzas, sing  
These plaudits in his crown.

—C. H. DODD, in Washington Star.



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## CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

She had seated herself at the piano, and her long, tapering fingers were rippling over the keys. She knew full well he did not care what she played, and for herself she did not care just then to play at all. She was thinking of his insinuation at Marshall Dean's expense. She was still pondering over Mrs. Fletcher's stealthy scrutiny of the quartermaster's team. On these two accounts, and no other, he was possessed of certain interest in Elinor's dark-brown eyes, and they were studying him coolly, searching him, as he drew a chair near the piano stool, and seated himself and met her look with a broad, encouraging smile.

Trill and ripple, ripple and trill her white fingers raced over the keyboard.

"I'm sure you know this waltz, major," she was saying. "They played it beautifully at the Point two summers ago."

"I—ah, yes, it's a charming composition—charming, though I don't recall its name just now."

"This? why it's one of Godfrey's—The Hilda, don't you know? I'm sure you waltz, major."

"I—ah, used to, yes. I was very fond of a waltz," answered Burleigh, whose best effort in that line could result in nothing better than a waddle. "But of late years I—I—since my bereavement, have practically withdrawn from society." Then, with a languishing smile, he added: "I shall be tempted to reenter the list now," and the major drew his chair nearer by full an inch, and prepared to be further "killing."

"Jessie dances divinely," said Miss Folsom. "She simply floats round a room. You should see her waltz with her brother, Maj. Burleigh. They might be waltzing here this very minute, if he were only home. What can have detained him, do you think?"

"I wish I knew," said the quartermaster slowly. "It makes those who are—ah—his friends, you know, anxious in more ways than one, because there is—ex—nothing to warrant delay—nothing to—excuse it. He should, in fact, have been at his post, where his troop is sorely needed, full four days ago," and Burleigh looked heavy with portent.

"Is it not possible that he has found something along the lower Laramie—something where his troop is needed much more than here doing stable guard?"

"How can it be possible?" said Burleigh. "The only thing to warrant his delay would be Indians, and there are none south of the Platte; or horse thieves, and they hung the last of the gang three months ago. Mr. Dean, I—ah—regret to say, is fonder of fishing and hunting than of his legitimate duties, and this, I fear, is why he is not here to welcome his sister."

The piano went rippling on, but the brown eyes kept up their steady gaze. In the deep bass chords now her slender fingers were entangled. Slowly and thoughtfully the rich melody swung in the proud waltz rhythm through the airy room and floated out upon the summer breeze. A little line was setting deep between the dark, arching eyebrows, a symptom Pappoose's schoolmates had learned to note as a signal of danger, but Burleigh knew her not, as yet.

"It is odd," said she, dreamily, "that at the Point the officers spoke so highly of Mr. Dean, and here you seem to think so differently of him. It is a deep disappointment to his sister that he is not here, but do you know, major, we were saying only this morning before you came that there was some excellent reason for his delay, and we'd know it within another day."

"Oh, ah—er—of course I hope so. I think, pardon me, that that must be a messenger from my office now," for spurred boot-heels were coming briskly up the wooden walk. There

was a bounding step on the piazza, a ring at the bell. The servant bustled through the hall and threw open the door. It was not a messenger from the depot, but a stalwart, sunburnt man in rough ranch garb, who whipped off his broad-brimmed hat and stood abashed within the hall as he asked for Mr. Folsom.

And all of a sudden over went the piano-stool with a crash, and out into the hall, joyous, bounding, light as a fairy, a vision of dark, girlish beauty, went Pappoose.

"Why, Ned Lannion!" she cried, as she seized the swarthy young fellow's hands and shook them up and down. "Don't you know me—Winona that used to be? Why, how well you look! When did you leave the ranch? How did you leave them? Is Hal here—or coming?"

"We left there early yesterday morning, mum. They're all well now, 'cept Jake, and he'll come out all right, but we had a close call. A war party of Sioux jumped us Wednesdays afternoon, and they'd a got away with us but for Lieutenant Dean and his troop. They come along just in time—"

"Ned!" gasped Elinor, "you don't mean they attacked the ranch?"

"No'me. We was down the Laramie—rounding up horses. There was a dozen bucks in the party. It's the first time they've come across in a year that I know of, and they won't be apt to try it again. We shot two of 'em and the cavalry drove 'em a running fight, so hard that they had to leave one of their wounded behind them. He died in a minute. It was—" and then Ned Lannion gulped and stumbled and choked in embarrassment.

"What was it?" demanded Mr. Folsom, his rugged face pale and twitching, his eyes full of anxiety. "Chaska, sir. You know."

Folsom gripped him by the shoulder. "And Burning Star—did you see him? Was he there?"

"Yes, sir; but those boys of Lieutenant Dean's gave them a lickin' they'll never forget. The ranch is safe as if it was here in Gate City, only Hal he couldn't come himself, and he knew you'd be anxious for full particulars, so he sent me in with the cavalry. They're out at the fort now."

"Jessie!" cried Elinor, in delight that overmastered the emotion with which she had listened to the tale of her brother's recent peril. "Marshall's here—almost home. It's just as we said, Jess. Do come down. He was there just in time to save my brother's life—to drive the Indians back to the river. Come quick—I want to hug you!" And her dark eyes flashing with joy and excitement danced full upon the bulky form of the major, slowly issuing from the parlor door, then beyond as she went bounding by him, all eagerness to clasp her bonny friend in her arms and shower her with congratulations. And so it happened that both the girls were at the rear of the hall entwined in each other's arms at the foot of the stairs when the ranchman answered Folsom's next question, and then broke out with the abrupt announcement: "I never see a young officer handle his men better. We'd all been in hell by this time if it wasn't for him; yet, by God, sir, the moment he got into the post they clapped him in arrest."

## CHAPTER XI.

That evening, when John Folsom, half an hour earlier than the stipulated time, drove the girls and their friend, Lieutenant Loomis, out to the fort, Major Burleigh was left to his own devices, and his face plainly showed that he was far from pleased with the way things were going. The news that Marshall Dean had been placed in arrest by order of the commanding officer of Fort Emory, following as it did close on the heels of the tidings that young officer's prompt and soldierly handling of the crisis at the ranch, made Folsom boil over with wrath. His first word was one of caution, however. "Hush!" he said. "Speak low. Yonder stands his sister. The girls must not know yet." Then, leading the way into the library and closing the door behind them, he demanded all particulars. Lannion could give him, which were few enough.

"The lieutenant halted the troop outside the post," said the indignant ranchman, "had it dismount there while he rode on to report to the commanding officer for instructions. The colonel was taking his nap after lunch, and the adjutant was at the office, and what does he do but get up from his desk solemn-like, and when the lieutenant says: 'I report the arrival of troop C at the post, sir,' the adjutant didn't answer a word, but reached out and got his saber and began buckling it around him, and then put on his cap and gloves, and says he: 'Lieut. Dean, I'm sorry, but my instructions are to place you in close arrest, by order of Col. Stevens.' Why, you could have knocked me down with the kick of a gopher I was so dumfounded! The lieutenant he didn't say anything for a minute, but turned white and looked like he could have knocked the top of the adjutant's head off. 'An officer will be sent to take charge of the troop,' said the adjutant, 'an' I suppose you'd better confine yourself to your tent, as the colonel means to have them camp there a day or two, until he hears from Capt. Brooks as to quarters.' 'Well, will you have the goodness to say what charges have been laid against me?' said Mr. Dean, and the adjutant hemmed and hawed, and 'lowed that the colonel hadn't formally drawn 'em up yet, but that a copy would be served on him as soon as they were ready."

"Then I said I'd go right in and find you, and that's all I know."

And then it was that Folsom turned on Burleigh, with gloom in his eye, and said: "By the Eternal, Maj. Burleigh, I hope you've had nothing to do with this!"

"Nothing in the world, I assure you,

Mr. Folsom. I—I deeply regret it. Though, as I have told you, I can hardly be surprised, after what has been said, and—what I have seen." But the major could not squarely meet the gaze in the keen eyes of the old trader, nor could the latter conceal his suspicions. "I know you wish to hear all the particulars of the affair at the ranch from this gentleman," said the major, uneasily, "so I will leave you with him for the present," and backing out into the hall he turned to the foot of the winding staircase where Elinor had met her friend. The girls were still there, their faces clouded with surprise and anxiety. It was an opportunity not to be lost.

"Pray do not be troubled, Miss Folsom," said Burleigh, advancing upon them with outstretched hand, "er—Mr. Folsom merely wants to hear further details from Lannion. I wish to extend my congratulations to you and—ah—this young lady, first upon the fortunate escape of your brother," and he bowed over his distended stomach to Elinor, "and second upon the part played by yours," and he repeated the bow to Jess, who, however, shrank away from the extended hand. "It will go far to counteract the stories that I—ah—er—believe you know about—that were in circulation, and most unjustly, doubtless, at—er—his expense."

"Who put them in circulation, Maj. Burleigh?" asked Pappoose, her brown eyes studying his face as unflinchingly as had her father's gaze a moment before.

"That, my dear young lady I—er—cannot surmise. They are mostly imaginary, I dare say."

But Miss Folsom looked unmollified, Miss Dean agitated, and Burleigh himself had many a reason for feeling ill at ease. Just at the time of all others when he most desired to stand on good terms with the well-to-do old trader and his charming daughter he found himself the object of distrust. He was thinking hard and far from hopefully as a moment later he hastened down the street.

"Tell them to send up my buggy, quick," were his orders as he stepped within his office doorway. Then lowering his voice: "Has Capt. Newhall returned?" he asked the chief clerk.

"The captain was here, sir. Left word he needed to take the first train—freight or construction, it made no difference—to Cheyenne and expected to get a letter or package from you, and there's two telegrams in from department headquarters on your desk, sir."

The major turned thither with solemn face, and read them both, his

Where was he to raise the \$10,000?

back to his subordinate, his face to the light, and growing grayer every moment. One was a curt notification that \$10,000 would be needed at once at Warrior Gap to pay contractors and workmen, and directing him to send the amount from the funds in his keeping. The other read as follows:

"Have all transportation put in readiness for immediate field service. Every wheel may be needed."

This he tossed carelessly aside. Over the first he pondered deeply, his yellow-white face growing dark and haggard.

Ten thousand dollars to be sent at once to Warrior's Gap! Workmen only an hour earlier than the stipulated time, drove the girls and their friend, Lieutenant Loomis, out to the fort, Major Burleigh was left to his own devices, and his face plainly showed that he was far from pleased with the way things were going. The news that Marshall Dean had been placed in arrest by order of the commanding officer of Fort Emory, following as it did close on the heels of the tidings that young officer's prompt and soldierly handling of the crisis at the ranch, made Folsom boil over with wrath. His first word was one of caution, however. "Hush!" he said. "Speak low. Yonder stands his sister. The girls must not know yet."

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And then it was that Folsom turned on Burleigh, with gloom in his eye, and said: "By the Eternal, Maj. Burleigh, I hope you've had nothing to do with this!"

"Nothing in the world, I assure you,

when, as now, disbursing officers were forbidden to gamble, but when, not as now, the law was a dead letter. Burleigh had gambled for years; had, with little remorse, ruined more than one man, and yet stood now awe-stricken and dismayed and wronged by Fate, since luck had turned at last against him. Large sums had been lost to players as inexorable as he himself had been. Large sums had been diverted from the government channels in his charge, some to pay his so-called debts of honor, some to cover abstractions from other funds, "robbing Peter to pay Paul," some to silence people who knew too much; some, ay, most of it, in fact, to cover margins, and once money gets started on that grade it slips through one's fingers like quicksilver. At the very moment when Anson Burleigh's envious cronies were telling each other he stood far ahead of the world, the figures were telling him he stood twenty thousand dollars behind it, and that, too, when he was confronted by two imperative calls for spot cash, one for ten thousand to Warrior Gap, another for a sum almost as big to "stake" a man who never yet had turned an honest penny, yet held the quartermaster where he dare not say so—where indeed he dare not say no.

"If you haven't it you know where you can get it—where you have often got it before, and where you'd better get it before it's too late;" these were words said to him that very morning, in tones so low that none but he could hear; yet they were ringing in his head now like the boom of some tolling bell. Time was when he had taken government money and turned it into handsome profit through the brokers of San Francisco and Chicago. But, as Mr. John Oakhurst remarked: "There's only one thing certain about luck, and that is it's bound to change," and change it had, and left him face to face with calamity and dishonor. Where was he to raise the ten thousand dollars that must be sent to the post quartermaster at Warrior Gap? The end of the fiscal year was close at hand. He dare not further divert funds from one appropriation to cover shortages in another. He could borrow from the banks, with a good indorse, but what indorse was there good enough but John Folsom?—the last man now whom he could bear to have suspect that he was in straits. Folsom was reported to be worth two hundred thousand dollars, and that lovely girl would inherit half his fortune. There lived within his circle no man, no woman in whose esteem Burleigh so blundered at the start. Damn that cub who dared to lecture him on the evils of poker! Was a boy lieutenant to shame him before officers of the general's staff and expect to go unwhipped? Was that butt-headed subaltern to be the means of ruining his prospects right here and now when he stood so sorely in need of aid? Was the devil himself in league against him, that that boy's sister should turn out to be the closest friend old Folsom's daughter ever had—a girl to whom father and daughter both were devoted, and through her were doubtless interested in the very man he had been plotting to pull down? Burleigh savagely ground his teeth together.

!To Be Continued.

Had an Object.

"After I had watched a colored man fishing in a South Carolina brickyard pond for 40 minutes without pulling up his hook," said the traveler, "I asked him if he thought there were any fish there to be caught."

"No, sah, I reckon not," he replied.

"But you seem to be fishing."

"Yes, sah."

"But perhaps you are not fishing for fish?"

"No, sah."

"I waited ten minutes for him to explain, but as he did not I finally asked him what particular object he had in view.

"De objick, sah," he repeated without taking his eyes off the pond or moving the pole—"de objick of my fishin' fur fish whar dere ain't any is to let ole woman see dat I ain't got no time to pick up de hoe and work in de truck patch!"—Washington Post.

Thoughtfulness.

The great trouble with most of us is that we are so thoughtless. It never seems to occur to us that there can be any little act of kindness which we are called upon to do. Sometimes it may be giving a seat to a lady or an old man in a car. Sometimes it may be the cheery "Good morning!" to the conductor as we enter or leave. Sometimes it may be the little word spoken to the newsboy, or the courteous thanks expressed to the house servant when her long day's work is over. Life is made up of these little things.—Detroit Free Press.

Equal to the Occasion.

"Hubby, dear, I can't wait to tell what I'm going to buy you!"

"Darling wife, what is it?"

"Well, I'm going to get a silver card tray, a bronze Hercules for the mantelpiece, and a new Persian rug to put in the front of my dressing table. What are you going to get for me, Tootie?"

"I've been thinking, Jane, and have made up my mind to get you a new shaving brush."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Victoria Likes Dogs.

Of all kinds of animals there have never been any so favored by Queen Victoria as the dog. Wherever she stays she is surrounded by her pets and her favorites are always moved from place to place with her. She has unconquerable aversion to cats.

She does not care especially for horses or birds, but devotes herself to her canine friends. At Windsor the kennels contain upward of 100 dogs.—N. Y. Sun.

# Summer Excursions

## Pretty Children

"We have three children. Before the birth of the last one my wife used four bottles of MOTHER'S FRIEND. If you had the pictures of our children, you could see at a glance that the last one is the healthiest, prettiest and finest-looking of them all. My wife thinks Mother's Friend is the greatest and grandest remedy in the world for expectant mothers." — Written by a Kentucky Attorney-at-Law.



MOTHER'S FRIEND prevents nine-tenths of the suffering incident to child-birth. The coming mother's disposition and temper remain unruffled throughout the ordeal, because this relaxing, penetrating liniment relieves the usual distress. A good-natured mother is pretty sure to have a good-natured child. The patient is kept in a strong, healthy condition, which the child also inherits. Mother's Friend takes a wife through the crisis quickly and almost painlessly. It assists in her rapid recovery, and wards off the dangers that so often follow delivery.

Sold by druggists for \$1 a bottle.

**THE BRADFORD REGULATOR CO.**  
ATLANTA, GA.

Send for our free illustrated book written especially for expectant mothers.

No other pills can equal D-Witt's Little Early Risers for promptness, certainty and efficiency. W. T. Brooks.

**Bumps or Bruises.**  
Sprains or sores, blisters or scalds, wound or cuts, tetter or eczema, all quickly cured by Binner Salve, the most healing medicine in the world. Nothing else "just as good." Clarke & Kenney.

**Does It Pay To Buy Cheap.**

A cheap remedy for coughs and colds is all right, but you want something that will relieve and cure the more severe and dangerous results of throat and lung troubles. What shall you do? Go to a warmer and more regular climate? Yes if possible; if not possible for you, then in either case take the only remedy that has been introduced in all civilized countries with success in severe throat and lung troubles, "Bosche's German Syrup." It not only heals and stimulates the tissues to destroy the germ disease, but allays inflammation, causes easy expectoration, gives a good night's rest, and cures the patient. Try one bottle. Recommended many years by all druggist in all civilized countries. Oct-27-1900.

This is the season when mothers are alarmed on account of croup. It is quickly cured by One Minute Cough Cure, which children like to take. W. T. Brooks.

**It Is a Curse.**

Constipation is a curse and afflicts too great a portion of the American people. There is no excuse for it either, as we sell a remedy that will banish the curse, and with moderate use will keep you well. It is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Sold in 10c, 50c and \$1.00 size. For sale by G. S. Varden.

The best method of cleansing the liver is the use of the famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Easy to take. Never gripe. W. T. Brooks.

Torturing skin eruptions, burns and sores are soothed at once and promptly healed by applying DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, the best known cure for piles. Beware of worthless counterfeits. W. T. Brooks.

Feeling of safety pervade the household that uses One Minute Cough Cure, the only harmless remedy that produces immediate results. It is infallible for coughs, colds, croup and all throat and lung troubles. It will prevent consumption. W. T. Brooks.

It is well to know that DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve will heal a burn and stop the pain at once. It will cure eczema and skin diseases and ugly wounds and sores. It is a certain cure for piles. Counterfeits may be offered you. See that you get the original DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. W. T. Brooks.

## Sores and Ulcers

That old sore or ulcer, which has been a source of pain, worry and anxiety to you for five or ten years—may longer—doesn't heal because you are not using the proper treatment, but are trying to cure it with salves and washes. While these are soothing and relieve to some extent, no real, permanent good can come from their use, because the disease is in the blood and far beyond the reach of external applications.

A sore heals promptly when the blood is in good condition, but **never** if it is diseased. The tendency of these old sores and ulcers is to grow worse, spreading and eating deeper into the flesh. They are a constant drain upon the system, gradually but surely ruin the health and sap the very life.

S. S. S. makes a rapid and permanent cure of old sores and ulcers, and is the only medicine that does, because no other can reach deep-seated blood troubles. Ordinary Sarsaparilla and potash mixtures are too weak and watery to overcome a deadly poison that has taken possession of the blood. Do not waste valuable time experimenting with them.

**A Gunshot Wound.** Developed in a running sore and gave me a great deal of pain. I was treated by many doctors, and concluded to give it a trial. The result was truly gratifying. S. S. S. seemed to get right at the trouble, and forced the poison out of my blood; soon afterwards the sore healed up and was cured sound and well. I now have perfect use of the leg, which was swollen and very stiff for a long time. J. H. McBRAYER, Lawrenceburg, Ky.

S. S. S. is the only purely vegetable blood purifier known; is made of roots and herbs of wonderful purifying properties, which no poison can resist. S. S. S. quickly and effectually clears the blood of all morbid, unhealthy humors, and the old, troublesome sore heals. At the same time the general health is invigorated and built up. When a little scratch or hurt fails to heal readily, you may be sure your blood is bad. S. S. S. will soon put it in order and keep it so.

Our Medical Department is in charge of experienced physicians, who have made blood diseases a life study. If you will write them about your case, they will gladly furnish all information or advice wanted, without any charge whatever.

### A Preacher

Of Watterloo, Ind., Rev. S. P. Koltz, writes: "I have been afflicted over twenty years with dyspepsia or sour stomach. Have tried different remedies without much benefit. A 10c bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin gave me great benefit. Have taken nearly one large bottle, and feel like a different person." For sale by G. S. Varden & Co.

### Are You With Us?

For SALE—Forty good grade 2 and 3 year old ewes. W. H. NUNN CLARKE.

Mr. J. G. Smedley visited his son Graham, at Georgetown College Friday.

Mr. Ed Brown, of the L. & N., visited his mother here Thursday and Friday.

Miss Hazel Overby, of Paris, has been the guest of Mrs. Rhoda Conway.

Mrs. James Batterson, of New York, is the guest of his aunt, Mrs. Sue Sandusky.

Sanford Carpenter sold ten good horses Friday to Mr. McGruder, of Orlando, Fla.

Mrs. Royce Allen has returned from an extended visit with relatives at Owingsville.

Miss Lizzie Wall Allen, of Georgetown College, spent from Saturday to Monday at home.

Jones Bros. have a handsome new delivery wagon—goods delivered to any part of town or country.

For the best work, and early return send your laundry to J. Will Clarke, agent for Bourbon Steam.

Mrs. Chas. Conway and daughter left last week for Chicago, where Mr. Conway has gone into business.

Mr. E. P. Clarke returned Friday from Pleona, Mo., where his sister, Mrs. Lucy Robertson, died last week.

WANTED—25 barrels new corn now, and 50 barrels at cribbing time.

It. T. M. PURNELL.

Several friends have each received a box of fine cigars from Paul Leto, who is in Manila, Phillipine Islands.

The County and School tax books are at the Farmers' Bank for the convenience of any one and save trouble of going to Paris.

LOST—Sunday between Paris and Millersburg a light colored overcoat of good weight. Leave at THE NEWS office and get liberal reward.

Mrs. J. T. Franks and Nannie Franks of Folsom, Grant county, have been the guests of the former's daughter, at M. F. C., for several days.

Rev. J. H. Williams left Thursday for his appointment at Milton. Rev. U. W. Darlington arrived Friday and preached to a large audience Sunday morning.

Mr. H. N. Grubbs and Miss Nellie Thomas, of Glencoe, Ky., were married Thursday at the Christian Church parsonage by Eld. G. W. Nutter, their former pastor.

Dr. Herman Conway and Miss Bettie Conway daughter of Mr. Jas. Conway, near Hootown were married Wednesday in Cynthiana, and left for his old home at Sabine Pass, Tex.

Dr. N. H. McKinney and wife, Mrs. O. W. Rankin and daughter, Miss Kate, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Carpenter, C. W. Howard, J. A. McClinton, Zene Flaugher and a number of others attended the Fall Festival at Cincinnati last week.

After having visited the various emporiums of trade and taken in the latest styles of pattern hats and bonnets, Mrs. J. Smith Clarke has culled from these various markets the latest creations of genius and art. These designs will be on exhibition on Friday and Saturday Oct. 5 and 6 at Mrs. J. Smith Clarke's Millinery Parlor. Public invited, no invitations issued.

**A. T. Forsyth's Engagements.**

Oct. 4—Mrs. Francis Cummins' administrator's, 206 acres of land, stock, crop, bank stock and household goods, near Centerville.

Oct. 6—Mrs. Wallace Steele and sisters' residence on Higgins avenue.

Oct. 16th—Z. T. Rice's heirs, 397 acres, near Richmond.

Oct. 18—Geo. W. Bramblette and Sons, Aberdeen cattle, horses, jacks, 500 stock ewes, &c., near Jackstown.

Oct. 20th—Mrs. Bettie G. Clay's heirs, 184 acres of land, near Paris.

Oct. 22th—Harrison B. Clay's heirs, 150 acres of land, near Paris.

The El Paso (Texas) school board has issued an order that the female teachers must wear short skirts as a sanitary measure while on duty.

If you are sick all over, and don't know just what ails you, it's ten to one your kidneys are out of order. Foley's Kidney Cure will bring you health and energy. Clarke & Kenney.

## Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

Cures Hacking Coughs, Sore Lungs, Grippe, Pneumonia and Bronchitis in a few days. Why then risk Consumption? Get Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Don't be imposed upon. Refuse the dealer's substitute. It is not as good as Dr. Bull's Salvation Oil cures Rheumatism and all Pain. Price, 15 and 25 cents.

### To The Deaf.

A rich lady, cured of her deafness and noises in the head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, gave \$10,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums, may have them free. Address No. 4,573, The Nicholson Institute, 780 Eighth Ave., New York.

Do not get scared if your heart troubles you. Most likely you suffer from indigestion. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat and gives the worn out stomach perfect rest. It is the only preparation known that completely digests all classes of foods; that is why it cures the worst cases of indigestion and stomach trouble after everything else has failed. It may be taken in all conditions and cannot help but do you good. W. T. Brooks.

Any advertised dealer is authorized to guarantee Banner Salve for tetter, eczema, piles, sprains, cuts, scalds, burns, ulcers and open or old sore. Clarke & Kenney.

Dr. W. H. Lewis, Lawrenceville, Va., writes: "I am using Kodol Dyspepsia Cure in my practice among several cases of indigestion and find it an admirable remedy." Many hundreds of physicians depend upon the use of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure in stomach troubles. It digests what you eat, and allows you to eat all the good food you need, providing you do not overload your stomach. Gives instant relief and a permanent cure. W. T. Brooks.

If you are sick all over, and don't know just what ails you, it's ten to one your kidneys are out of order. Foley's Kidney Cure will bring you health and energy. Clarke & Kenney.

**DRAIN THE SYSTEM, ENDANGER LIFE.**

**SSS**

If you are sick all over, and don't know just what ails you, it's ten to one your kidneys are out of order. Foley's Kidney Cure will bring you health and energy. Clarke & Kenney.

## HEYMAN'S!

Announcement For Fall--New Goods Arriving Daily.

56-inch Homespun in Grey, Castor and Blue, Suitable for Walking Skirts. \$1.00 value for

70 Cts.

We bought all of one Jobber's Ladies' sample Kid Gloves, embracing all colors and sizes, worth \$1.00, at

69 Cts.

Ladies' Fast Black Hose, regular 20c value, four pair for

50 Cts.

Flannelette Waists for early Fall, pretty patterns, sell for

50 Cts.

Men's Collars, any shape and size, 4-ply linen, regular 15c value, four for

25 Cts.

Latest Fall style Ladies' fancy Hosiery in mercerized stripes, 35c value, at

25 Cts.

G. L. Heyman.

## SOME COOL READING!

Of course, the weather is hot, but we have a remedy for it.

For our men friends we have a line of light Flannel and Serge Suits and odd coats, straw hats, negligee shirts, duck trousers, thin underwear, etc.

For the ladies we have a fine line of organdies, lawns, dimities, muslins, shirt waists of every pattern, muslin lingerie, fans, parasols, all Summer goods of every description.

Just come in and see them.

TWIN BROS.